

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
September, 1932 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





Baltimore, Maryland, Museum of Art

The Weavers

GUATEMALA

Humberto Garavito

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

Uses for the News

THIS is a good time to repeat past hints for uses of the material in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS:

It has frequently been suggested that a committee of pupils be assigned to keep a card index of the contents classified under countries. The Classroom Index of contents given in THE TEACHER'S GUIDE will be a help in this.

One file of the magazines may be bound in a loose-leaf notebook cover for reference use.

Extra copies may be clipped and the material filed in scrapbooks or folders under countries and subjects, if this is a help.

Home Room and Club Meetings

Uses for the NEWS and for the Junior Red Cross program of activities were given in detail in an outline of Home Room and club plans for the Student Council of the Bates School, Middleboro, Massachusetts, sent in by Henry B. Burkland, faculty adviser.

For the program or activity feature of weekly Home Room meetings, the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS furnished material at almost every meeting. In some of these meetings plans were made for preparation of gifts for hospitals, making Christmas cards for service, and preparing international correspondence albums. Daily duties assigned by the Home Room teachers are also counted an important part of Junior Red Cross work. The motto is "I Serve" and the aim is "Home, School, Community, National Service and Fitness for Service."

On Wednesdays, school clubs hold their regular meetings. Each club has its own objectives but in addition performs some Red Cross service every two months. For instance, the French Club furnished Christmas cards for a veterans' hospital. The Music Lovers sang Christmas carols at a public home. The Decoration Club took charge of making Christmas menu covers for the Navy. The Story Hour Club made scrapbooks for suburban schools. The Nature Club sent Washington Birthday cards to a veterans' hospital. The Busy Fingers Sewing Club sent valentines to the veterans' hospital. The Home Makers Club performed First Aid service. The Literary Club made Easter cards for the veterans' hospital.

The Classroom Index

Material in this issue of the NEWS will be of use in many classes.

Civics:

"Our Juniors Start the Year." Activities notes this month bring together a variety of work for the relief of the unemployed and others needing special help. The material is worth serious attention. Perhaps pupils will

list from the items ways in which boys and girls have helped during these difficult months and from the list draw suggestions that they can adapt to local needs.

Notice, too, the particular emphasis on social welfare and civic problems in the new CALENDAR. See page two of this TEACHER'S GUIDE.

Geography:

Africa—"The Hunt For the Lost Explorer." Many teachers will remember that fascinating-looking, bulky volume entitled, *In Darkest Africa*. Children will enjoy thumbing the pages, if a copy is available. Recent children's books of Africa include *Girls in Africa*, by Eric Berry; *Gao of the Ivory Coast*, by Katie Seabrook; and *Sammy and Silverband*, by Janet Miller.

Germany—"At the Shrine of a Great Poet."

Guatemala—"The Land of the Quetzal"; "The Sun Bird." Miss Upjohn skilfully links the old with the new in her story.

Iceland—"Iceland, the Island of the Sagas." References of related interest here are the Norse section in Van Doren's *Anthology of World Poetry*; and Julia Davis Adams' *Swords of the Vikings*.

Japan—"Hazako, the Giant Salamander."

New Zealand—"Windy Island"—a book review.

Other Countries—"Every Corner of the Globe."

See the section on Christmas boxes below.

Literature:

"At the Shrine of a Great Poet." Some of Goethe's plays may be found in translation in most libraries. A convenient reference book is *Chief European Dramatists*, edited by Brander Matthews.

The book reviews furnish a good model for silent reading reports.

Nature Study:

"Hazako, the Giant Salamander."

Christmas Boxes

Mimeographed instructions for filling Christmas boxes will be supplied by local Red Cross Chapters or sent on request. The letters given in the feature story "Every Corner of the Globe," may be supplemented with a letter written by children of the Mountain School of Kallmet, mentioned in Mr. Fultz' report:

"DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA:

"We, the children of the village of Kallmet, send our hearty thanks for the Christmas presents with which you have gladdened our hearts. We thank you for thinking of us who are poor and live in this faraway mountainous place, who have neither clothes nor footwear such as yours and who have never before seen such pretty toys and other nice things.

"We are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, composition, penmanship and gymnastics. The girls are taught embroidery and housekeeping.

"Dear children, you must not think that we shall ever forget you. We never shall. You have brought us joy. We ask God to give you long life and a full measure of health and wealth.

"CASPAR JAKU and all the other children of the Elementary School of Kallmet."

Developing Calendar Activities of 1932-33

A Chart to Service for the Year

THE CALENDAR OF SERVICE THROUGH ACTIVITIES gives pupils an inclusive outline of opportunities afforded them in their school rooms through membership in the Junior Red Cross. Every enrolled room is entitled to one copy. If it is hung low on the wall, pupils may study the pictures at close range for themselves and may read the text.

The CALENDAR is an important means of keeping members conscious of the significance of their membership. Its suggestions represent to a large extent the activities of fellow members throughout the nation and, indeed, the world. It thus emphasizes the broad expanse of their organization, the extent and variety of their accomplishments and the unity of their purpose. In so far as possible, pupils should be given a part in choosing suggested activities for their own group. Often these will be modified to adapt them to local conditions; in this way the program remains flexible and growing.

The Upjohn Pictures

It is good fortune that illustrations by Anna Milo Upjohn are still available. Schools that have saved these illustrations from year to year now have a library of authentic material for geography study not available from any other source. An article in THE TEACHER'S GUIDE for December, 1930, told the story of one school's many constant uses for the pictures saved from former years. They are too good to be put out of reach at the end of the year when the old CALENDAR is taken down, to make room for a new one.

The Teacher's Uses of the Activities

For pupils, each CALENDAR page may be a new experience at the beginning of every month. The teacher, however, will doubtless wish to look ahead for a term or even a year. Tentative plans to fit the course of study, the unit of work, or anticipated pupil interests may be made in advance so that classroom progress will be helped instead of halted by the use of Junior Red Cross activities.

In some cases a Junior Red Cross activity will itself become the center of a unit of study—a civic project or a project in getting acquainted with another country through international correspondence. Such units are useful occasionally as a matter of emphasis. They probably have less permanent results in building ideas of service and world goodwill into character than when other units of work develop naturally, with service taken for granted as a part of all. For whatever the subject or unit of interest, you will find a chance to introduce the service motive, a chance at least to share the product of classroom work. A search of the CALENDAR pages will show many and varied outlets through Junior Red Cross membership and the standards of classroom work will be lifted when the product is designed for some social use.

New Reasons for Meeting Old Needs

Local institutions that have been served in past years should be remembered with faithfulness again. Whatever of school handiwork is pretty or kind, comforting or merry or useful, will find eager recip-

ients outside, even more than they have in the past.

Everywhere standards of social service that have been years in building are threatened with demoralization. Demands upon agencies have grown heavier and budgets have grown lighter. Staffs have been reduced and in some cases officers are disheartened. There never has been a time since Junior Red Cross was organized that the buoyant service of childhood and youth—the gifts, the entertainment, the spontaneous friendship—has been so needed.

Meeting New Needs

In most schools new needs have risen. The pupils themselves are on the "firing line" in today's crisis. Teachers have become social workers, for the problems of their pupils and pupils' families have been thrust upon them. Emphasis on these present needs is the distinctive feature of this year's CALENDAR.

Confusion is avoided when the Chapter Junior Red Cross Council co-ordinates and distributes the civic services for all the schools. The Council should consult, as in the past, with the social agencies of the community and those in charge of institutions to be helped. It should also confer with whatever Central Unemployment Relief Committee has been set up in the community.

Several references may prove helpful: the activities notes in this issue of the NEWS, the Junior Red Cross page in the September issue of the *Red Cross Courier*, an article, "How Schools are Aiding the Unemployed," in *School Life*, June, 1932 (Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.), the *Survey Graphic*, June 1, 1932 (112 E. 19th St., New York), and a pamphlet, "Dare the School Build a New Social Order?" by George S. Counts, John Day Company, New York, 25c.

National and International Cooperation

You will find on each page of the CALENDAR two specific references to welfare activities in other countries. The world-wide extent of the Junior Red Cross, in itself impressive, is made yet more significant by harmony of purpose in all countries. In putting their motto into action members are not limited by sectional and national boundaries. The adoption of veterans' hospitals, service to the blind, school correspondence, Christmas boxes, and National Children's Fund projects extend the circle. School correspondence gives opportunity to exchange experiences in welfare work, and the magazines of all countries spread ideas by reporting Junior activities in other parts of the world. Support of the National Children's Fund gives a chance actually to help launch or support activities of benefit to groups under ordinary circumstances out of reach of our members.

The prevailing sense of depression is considerably lightened by such an observation as one made by Mr. Fultz, Director of the Albanian Vocational School, partial support of which is a National Children's Fund project. He recently said:

"I don't believe that any of us perhaps fully realize all that is fine and good in young people. Fundamentally they are all right and the pity of it is that they can not be preserved in all their freshness and enthusiasm before the adult world closes in on them in its drabness. The fires of youth are lit but we haven't found ways to maintain them. Hopeful, buoyant America ought to lead the way, and will."

The Junior Red Cross Poster 1932-33

THE new Junior Red Cross poster has a particular interest this year because the Washington Bicentennial Celebration has led to the study of early days of our country. The border pictures representing Junior Red Cross service activities carry suggestions that will entertain and inspire members. The colors of the map are gay and blend into an artistic harmony. The pictures, names and dates will lead to reading and discussion that will not lose interest for the whole year.

Many of the dates involved have been subjects of controversy. Professor Evarts B. Greene, Columbia University, an authority on early American history, supplied the list of authorities for each of the discoveries and settlements pictured on the map. It is suggested that you save the list for your own reference during the year.

Discoveries

Bering—On his second voyage 1733-1741 discovered Bering Strait and coasted the American mainland. Bolton and Marshall: *Colonization of North America*, 388.

Alexander Mackenzie—discovered the Mackenzie River in 1789. J. A. Williamson, *A Short History of British Expansion*, 504; George Bryce, *The Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company*, 124-25; Agnes Laut, *The Conquest of the Great Northwest*, II, 56-59.

William Baffin—Mate under Bylot on trip which discovered Hudson Bay 1616. Agnes Laut, *The Adventurers of England on Hudson Bay*, 21; Williamson, op. cit., 237-38; Bolton and Marshall, op. cit., 212.

Norsemen—reached Vinland, a point on the coast of North America, about the year 1000. Greenland was discovered about 985 or 984. The exact point reached in North America is not known. Leif Ericson commanded the voyage. Bolton and Marshall, op. cit., 2-3; E. Channing, *A History of the United States*, I, 1-5; J. Winsor, *Narrative and Critical History*, I, 63-67.

John Davis—discovered Davis Strait in 1585. Bolton and Marshall, op. cit., 109; Williamson, op. cit., 94.

Mackenzie—discovered and explored Province of Mackenzie, Dominion of Canada in 1789, when the Mackenzie River was discovered, and in 1793 made a trip westward to the Pacific through Athabasca and British Columbia. See references for 2, above, and Laut, *Conquest of Northwest*, II, 60-67; Bryce, op. cit., 128-29.

Samuel Hearne—made two overland expeditions in 1769 and 1770-71, exploring region from Fort Churchill to the Coppermine River. This was mostly in Mackenzie Province and in the northern portion of Manitoba. Laut, *Conquest of Northwest*, I, 368-74; Bryce, op. cit., 101-06; Bolton and Marshall, op. cit., 423-24.

Hudson—wintered at James Bay (southern end of Hudson Bay) 1610-11. Bolton and Marshall, op. cit., 212-13; Winsor, op. cit., III, 92-93; Channing, op. cit., I, 442.

John Cabot—and possibly Sebastian Cabot reached a point on the coast of North America in 1497. The

landfall may have been at Labrador. Bolton and Marshall, op. cit., 106, favor Cape Breton Island. Channing, op. cit., I, 34, says a point between Halifax and Hudson Strait; Winsor, III, 2 and 23, and E. Bourne, *Spain In America*, discuss landfall. Bourne, 59. The results of the Cabot voyage of 1498 are unknown. Grand Banks may have been known earlier. They were visited by fishermen after 1500. The precise date of discovery is not known.

Jacques Cartier—discovered the St. Lawrence River in 1535. Channing, op. cit., I, 93. Bourne, op. cit., 146. Winsor, op. cit., IV, 164.

Lewis and Clark—explored Oregon and the Columbia River in 1805. Channing, op. cit., V, 503 and 507.

Gray—sailed along coast of California, Washington and Oregon and discovered the Columbia River in 1792. J. F. Turner, *Rise of the New West*, 116. Channing, op. cit., V, 502.

Hudson—entered the Hudson River in 1609. He was not the first. Stokes, *Iconography of Manhattan*, I, 3. Verrazano was the first to discover the Hudson River in 1524, but anchored his ship outside the mouth and entered the river only in a small boat. Channing, op. cit., I, 439, 441, mentions Hudson's arrival and says that Verrazano had anchored off Sandy Hook. Tyler, *England in America*, 291. Winsor, op. cit., IV, 397.

Bartholomew Gosnold—discovered Cape Cod in 1602. Tyler, op. cit., 34. Channing, op. cit., I, 156. Winsor, III, 272-73.

Cabrillo—explored California 1542. Most of work done by Ferrelo, Cabrillo's pilot, after the latter's death in 1543. Channing, op. cit., I, 84. Winsor, II, 444. Bourne, op. cit., 173.

Marquette—saw the mouth of the Missouri River in 1673. J. Winsor, *The Mississippi Basin*, 32. F. Parkman, *LaSalle and the Discovery of the Great West*, I, 69, 1897 edition.

Verrazano—sailed from Carolina to Nova Scotia in 1524. Little known of the voyage but evidence is stronger for than against it. Channing, I, 91-92, 111-112. Winsor, IV, 6-9. Bourne, 144.

Cortez—sent vessels which reached Lower California in 1533. He attempted a colony there in 1534-35. Bolton and Marshall, 43-44. Winsor, II, 393. Bourne, 158.

DeSoto—reached the Mississippi River in 1541. Channing, I, 70 and 86. May have been seen by Pineda. Cabeza de Vaca and others had seen mouth. Winsor, I, 237 says Pineda, 1519, discovered a river probably the Mississippi. 292. Even if Pineda's story is doubted, Cabeza de Vaca reached it in 1528. Bourne, 165.

Drake—reached California coast in 1579. Channing, I, 121. Tyler, 12. Winsor, III, 68.

Bermuda—exact date of discovery not known. Early sixteenth century, before 1511. C. P. Lucas, *A Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, II, 5, and editorial note, to Smith. *The Historie of the Bermudaes* by J. H. Lefroy, 9-10.

Columbus—discovered America, San Salvador in 1492. Channing, I, 22-23. Winsor, II, 10, 53-56 discusses landfall. Bourne, 23.

Ponce de Leon—discovered Florida probably 1513.

Channing, I, 59-Winsor, II, 233, favor 1513. Bourne, 134-35 gives 1512, but says in note that Peschel and Harris think 1513 better.

Juan de Grijalva and Cordoba—explored the coast of Yucatan and Mexico in 1517 and 1518. Grijalva was probably the first to land. Bolton and Marshall, 26. Bourne, 151-52. Bancroft, *A Popular History of Mexican People*, 143, 145-46.

Balboa—discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1513. Channing, I, 50. Bourne, 110-111. Winsor, II, 195.

Settlements

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1623. At mouth of Piscataqua (called Strawberry Bank till 1653.) Tyler, 267. Bolton and Marshall, 140. Winsor, III, 328.

Plymouth, Massachusetts, 1620. Winsor, III, 272-73. Bolton and Marshall, 138. Channing, I, 307.

St. Paul, Minnesota, between 1840 and 1844. Father Galtier built a chapel on the site of the town and gave the settlement its name during those years. Settlers were removed from military reserve to present site in 1840. Post office established 1846. Land bought of government, 1848. Folwell, *History of Minnesota*, I, 223. Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, 29, 233-34. DeSmet's *Oregon Missions*.

New York, N. Y. Stokes, op. cit., I, 8 and 10, says Peter Minuit began first real settlement on Manhattan in 1626. No proof that any settlement was made earlier, though there may have been temporary traders' huts. Bolton and Marshall, 167. Some of settlers sent by Dutch West India Company in 1623 settled there, but Minuit built first fort in 1626. Tyler thinks Christiansen and Blok built a fort 1612 but Minuit's was first settlement. pp. 291, 293. Stokes

is the most reliable. Shepard, *Story of New Amsterdam*, 9. Channing, U. S., I, 446.

Burlington, Iowa, 1833. B. F. Gue, *History of Iowa*, I, 159.

St. Mary's, Maryland, 1634. Scharf, *History of Maryland*, I, 76, 78, quoting Father White's Narrative and the Relation of Maryland. Tyler, 127-28.

Chicago, Illinois, Ft. Dearborn. The fort erected 1804. There were four traders' cabins earlier on spot. *Centennial History of Illinois*, I, 414.

San Diego, California, 1769. Priestly, *Coming of the White Man*, 201-03.

Jamestown, Virginia, 1607. Channing, I, 165-67. Tyler, 50. Bolton and Marshall, 116.

Kaskaskia—An Indian town of the name before 1673. Mission on present site 1701. *Michigan Hist. Soc.*, V, 94. *Centennial History of Illinois*, 119.

Ashley River, South Carolina (Charles Town) moved to present site 1679-80. Winsor, V, 290, 307. McCrady, *History of South Carolina under the Proprietors*, 145.

Savannah, Georgia, 1733. Winsor, V, 367-70. Greene, *Provincial America*, 257. Stevens, *History of Georgia*, I, 91.

Biloxi, Mississippi, 1699 (called Fort Maurepas). Bolton and Marshall, 276. Winsor, V, 19-20. Thwaites, *France in America*, 75.

Mobile, Alabama, 1702. Moved to new site, 1710. Thwaites, 76. Hamilton, *Colonial Mobile*, 37, 39, 43, 69. Bolton and Marshall, 276.

Arkansas Post, Arkansas. No real settlement till 1721 or 1722. Some explorers stopped there in 1686. Hallum, *History of Arkansas*, I, 4. Thwaites, 83. Winsor, IV, 238.

* Cahokia.

National Children's Fund Projects--1932

IN THE Fitness for Service section of this year's CALENDAR, references are made to health projects that will receive aid from the National Children's Fund. A complete list, not only of the health activities which our members are assisting this year, but of all the important projects, will be of interest to your own Juniors. Besides the CALENDAR references, your pupils will find further references to some of these in the activities notes and other features in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS during the months to come.

Albania: To continue our support to the Albanian Vocational School, the institution founded by the American Junior Red Cross and supported wholly or in part by them since 1919.

Greece: To complete a playground for the Refugee Camp at Mymettus. To purchase camp beds and equipment for Junior Groups traveling to Athens from the provinces and from other countries. To purchase tooth brushes and to supply quinine for needy pupils in the effort to combat malaria.

Hungary: To help in the organization of milk distribution and the furnishing of hot meals to

needy pupils. To help in the establishment of a traveling dental clinic. To provide First Aid cabinets for poor schools to assist in the purchase of playground equipment.

Poland: To help in the installation of a reading and recreation room in a poor district in Warsaw. To help purchase a violet ray lamp for the treatment of Juniors threatened with tuberculosis. To help purchase First Aid cabinets for poor rural groups.

Jugoslavia: To assist in the installation of two bath houses for Juniors. To assist in the installation of pure drinking water in a village school.

Estonia: To help purchase a stereopticon lantern which will enable poor schools to use the lantern slides provided by the Estonian Junior Red Cross. To assist with the expense of a field worker for one year.

Latvia: To assist with the Summer Sanatorium for crippled children, at Asari.

Christmas Boxes: Christmas Boxes sent to Europe, also Japan, Guam, Philippines, and Alaska.

The Sun Bird

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustration by the Author

INEZ and Jaime were going to visit their grandfather. They had never seen him. Always it had been their father alone who had made his yearly visits to the mountains. Now grandfather had sent word that he wanted the children to come. "I am growing old and do not yet know my grandchildren," he said. So it had been arranged that Pedro, the old servant, should take them, and that they should stay a month.

As their father could not spare the car they would have to travel in the oxcart. The cart stood at the door. The bottom was filled with hay; then came supplies for their grandparents, mostly sugar and coffee and sweet potatoes, which did not grow in the altitude where they lived. There was a basket of pomegranates, another of figs and a bag of melons.

The children climbed into the cart and settled themselves in the hay. As their father said good-by he gave each a silver coin as big as a dollar, called a "quetzal." On one side was stamped the image of a bird with a long curved tail. The bird, too, is known as a quetzal and in Guatemala it is the emblem of freedom, as the eagle is in the United States.

"You are going where the quetzal lives," said their father; "you may find him."

"Oh!" cried Inez. "We'll catch one and bring it home to you."

"That would never do! The quetzal dies in captivity. None has ever lived more than forty-eight hours after being taken. That is why it is called the bird of freedom."

"Well then, we won't try to catch one, but I do hope we may see one."



Pan American Union

The quetzal

"Your grandfather may seem stern," said their father, "but do not be afraid of him. He is wise and kind, and remember that in our tribe he is a king."

No wonder these young travelers felt that they were starting on a great adventure. They had never been from home alone, and now they were going on a long journey to see their grandfather who was a king! It would take at least three days, for the oxen moved slowly and the road was all up hill. When it was warm they were to sleep in the cart. If it rained they would stop along the way at some inn known to Pedro.

Jaime and Inez were everyday children. Though they lived in Guatemala and spoke Spanish, they dressed as we do and studied much the same subjects at school. Once a week they motored to Guatemala City, twenty-five miles away, and when their mother's shopping was done they perhaps went to a movie or had an ice cream before going home. Yet they lived in such a dreamy old town that often they had a sense of something mysterious about to happen. That was not strange, for when they stepped outside their courtyard they faced a great volcano rising in a blue cone that seemed to block the end of the street. Two hundred years ago it shook down most of the city of Antigua, where Inez and Jaime lived. Ruins

of gateways and palaces, churches and convents stand in almost every street. Their own home had been in their mother's family since the days when the Spaniards came to conquer Central America, more than three hundred years ago.

Guatemala is like a three-story house. Jaime



Grandfather put them in charge of a flock and sent them to the hill that skirted the forest

and Inez lived one flight up. They knew that below them on the coast lay a hot belt where bananas and orchids and mahogany trees grew, and above them a cool forest belt. That was where they were going now. But between home and that high country there was a land, hilly and wooded as New York and Pennsylvania, where wheat and apples grew.

By the end of the first day's journey the palms and cacti had disappeared and there were fields of grain and clover and turnip patches instead. The oxen forded shallow streams and climbed steadily upward over mountain roads towards rocks and pines.

The children drew on their sweaters. Sometimes they wrapped themselves in blankets like true Indians. Often they got out and walked to stretch their legs.

Files of pack mules loaded with charcoal passed them. The villages grew scarcer and sometimes the houses had chimneys.

On the third day they saw a man above them standing motionless on a rock, watching their slow approach. His head was bound with a deep

red scarf and from his belt a broad machete stood out against the sky. Something noble about his pose told the children that this was their grandfather, the king.

You would not have taken him for a king had you seen him at supper an hour later, sitting on the floor of his courtyard with his back to the wall, eating yellow beans from a bowl held on his knees. Beside him squatted Jaime and Inez also eating hungrily after their long journey. Their grandmother waited on them, bringing bread and honey and hot coffee.

A servant drove the tired oxen from the watering trough to the stable across the yard. It was built of stone and on its flat roof a man shook a sieve full of beans, letting the chaff fly off across the evening sky. A cloud of pigeons hovered around him.

Inez and Jaime were silent and a little homesick. They thought of their mother with her smooth black hair and her eyes full of fire and laughter. They even missed the old parrot, shifting on his perch and calling them by name. It was all so different here. Their own patio was beautiful with lemon trees and flowers. There were Spanish tiles set in the walls and in the corners stood great jars that had once been brought

from Spain filled with wine and oil. Their grandfather's patio was the barnyard as well as the family gathering place. It was meant for work. Their grandmother's loom, with a half-woven blanket, stood on one side. Serving women sat about carding wool. When it was dyed it was hung on the walls to dry, in hanks of crimson, green and orange, like bunches of flowers.

Grandmother was small and jolly with a hoard of stories. She wore her hair down her back in two braids, and her blouse was gorgeous with a sun pattern embroidered around the neck and shoulders. Grandfather was silent and thin like their father, and, though he spoke little, the children knew that he was glad to have them there. He was a rich old man, owning timber land and sheep.

"It is not good for children to be idle," he said. "I will make shepherds of you." So he put them in charge of a flock and sent them to the hill that skirted the forest where he cut his timber.

"They can't herd sheep in those city clothes," said grandma; and rummaging in her chests she

found a square of red homespun which by lapping in front would serve as a skirt for Inez. It was fastened by a long girdle wound several times around her waist. Grandma then cut down one of her own blouses of coarse linen embroidered with queer beasts and figures.

"What is this?" asked Inez with her finger on a strange design.

"That is Quetzal-Coatl, the feathered serpent—god of light."

"Why, that's almost like the quetzal," said Inez.

"Yes, the quetzal is the sun bird. It used to live all over Mexico and Central America. But men were cruel and greedy. They captured it and stole its golden feathers, believing they would bring happiness and success. And the more they ran after the quetzal the further it hid from them until now it lives only in these high lonely forests and few people in the world have seen it."

Inez sighed. "I wish I could see it and let it know I mean it no harm," she said.

Neither Jaime nor Inez knew much about sheep, but fortunately Timbal, the dog, knew a great deal. It was he who led the flock out in the morning, kept the sheep from straying during the day, and drove them back home again at night.

Inez was secretly afraid of their sudden movements and their hard glassy eyes, but she tethered the ewes bravely, driving down the stake with a mallet and changing it when the grass near it was cropped.

Jaime kept an eye on the lambs when they wandered towards dangerous places.

The young shepherds carried their lunch and would go into the forest to eat it, leaving Timbal to guard the sheep. One day Inez lay on her back gazing up into the branches of a pine spreading above her like a dark ceiling. "You know, Jaime," she said, "the quetzal lives only in these forests now. We ought to go in search of him. Of course we wouldn't try to catch him, but perhaps just to see him might bring us happiness."

"We're happy now," answered Jaime, "but I should like to see a quetzal and it would be fun to explore the forest."

"Do you think we might get lost?"

"We won't go far, and, besides, haven't you noticed red marks on many trees? We have only to follow them and come back the same way."

The forest was cool and dusky, and the children's footsteps made no noise on the pine needles as they passed into the heart of the wood. They spoke in whispers so as not to frighten the quetzal and because they were awed by the great silence about them.

Not all the trees bore red marks but there was usually one in sight before the last was lost. "This must be a trail," said Jaime. "I'd like to know where it leads." The Indian blood in him began to waken. He felt at home in the woods as in a house. His eyes and ears were keen, his movements light and quick. He loved the quiet of the forest, its smell, its dimness.

As for Inez, she was straining her eyes towards the branches, hardly noticing the path they took. With the waves of green closing above them she thought it must be like walking on the bottom of the sea.

A slight rustle made the children breathless. In a nearby bush they saw a brown bird, about the size of a wood dove, pecking berries. It was half hidden in the foliage, but as they stole forward to get a better look, it took wing, rising with a whirr and a gleam of orange tail feathers, like a shaft of sunlight.

"The quetzal!" they exclaimed, quivering with excitement.

There was a flutter on the upper side of the thick pine branch just above their heads. Perhaps the quetzal had its nest in the tree. Jaime looked for a foothold on the tall trunk. But again there was a beating of wings and a flash of orange, at once lost in the vast shadow of the forest. Jaime and Inez sighed with disappointment.

"People won't believe us when we tell them that we found the quetzal," said Inez.

"I want to know what its nest is like," said Jaime, starting to climb the pine.

"Don't!" exclaimed Inez. "The quetzal won't like it and I don't want to be alone down here."



*Pan American Union
The coat-of-arms of Guatemala. The fifteenth
of September is their independence day*

"Well, we ought to go back," said Jaime. "It must be nearly time to take the sheep home. Come on, we can follow the red lines."

The signs were not hard to find but Jaime was soon sure that they were not returning as they had come.

He began to suspect that the red lines marked trees to be cut out, and did not blaze a trail. In that case they had been going in all directions and were completely lost.

He said nothing of his fears to Inez but halted now and then to scan the light and the bark of trees. Suddenly the day blinked out as though switched off. The short tropic twilight was over. It was night.

"Inez," said Jaime bravely. "It is too dark to find the marks. We must wait till morning."

"What, stay all night in the forest!"

"Yes. If we wander about in the dark we shall be lost. Let's stay under this big tree and as soon as it gets light we'll go on."

Jaime had some bread and cheese in his wallet, left from lunch. They divided it in the dark and ate it eagerly, missing the good hot evening meal. Then they sat holding hands for comfort. Inez held back her tears, but her teeth began to chatter. "Here, take this," said Jaime, and unwound the scarf that he wore Indian-fashion around his waist. Inez wrapped it about her shoulders and presently slipped down on the pine needles and fell asleep.

Jaime sat braced against the tree, his arms crossed for warmth. He was chilly and horribly afraid, and he knew that no matter how sleepy he might be he must stay on guard all night. His eyes were strained in the darkness and his ears sharpened to every sound.

Points of light moved in the darkness. The silence was pricked with tiny noises. They came from fireflies, from birds settling in their nests and toads hopping over the roots of trees. After a while Jaime began to grow used to the forest. It was alive, but it seemed friendly. He dared stretch his legs and lean his head against the tree trunk. Then, just as he began to wonder if it would be safe to take a nap, he was startled

by a far-off cry. He sat up stiff with fright. Again it came, nearer this time. Could it be the quetzal? But surely it was a man's voice, not the call of a bird. Jaime sprang to his feet to answer, but his voice died in his throat as his ear caught the footfall of an animal. It came running, bounding, thudding over the soft floor of the forest. Jaime saw a leaping form faintly black against the night. He had only time to fling himself in front of Inez, when with a glad yelp Timbal sprang toward him. He knocked Jaime flat and dog and boy rolled together on the ground. Then, still barking, Timbal raced off into the forest and back again. Inez woke up, and she and Jaime added their calls to Timbal's clamor. A man's voice answered. A light came and went between the trees, and finally a figure with a lantern emerged from the shadows. It was grandpa!

He had meant to be stern, but when he saw how pinched and cold his grandchildren looked, he only said: "Your grandmother will have breakfast waiting." They clung to him shivering with relief.

"We found the quetzal," sobbed Inez.

"Found the quetzal, but lost yourselves."

"How did you ever find us, grandpa?" asked Jaime.

"When Timbal brought home the sheep without you we knew that something was wrong. The dog came with me to the pasture and plunged at once into the forest. He has been on your scent all night, this way and that. You must have gone in zigzags."

Jaime looked foolish but too tired to explain. He would do that when they got home.

As they came out of the forest the dawn was breaking, and afar off a humming sound came zooming out of the sky. "The quetzal!" exclaimed Inez. Jaime raised his sleepy eyes.

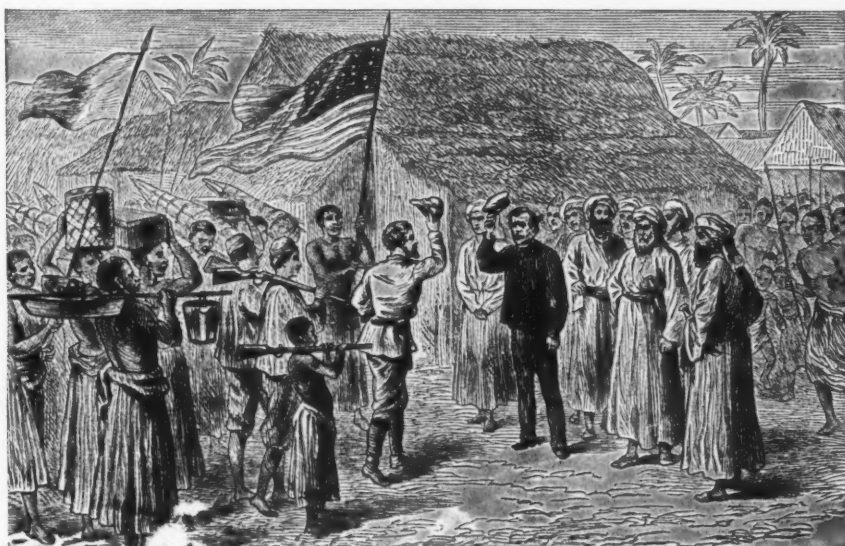
"No," he said, "It's the air mail going down to Panama. But it looks like a quetzal with a bobbed tail."

"Each age has its quetzal," said grandpa. "Mine has gone into hiding. But the airplane is the sun bird of today."

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS



"Jeunesse"



Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Stanley finds Livingstone after more than a year's search through the unknown heart of Africa

The Hunt for the Lost Explorer

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

A GROUP of boys were leaving a cotton mill near Glasgow in Scotland. They had worked for fourteen hours and were very tired and sleepy. One of them, however, had a book under his arm, and as soon as he had eaten supper he began to read. The book described the adventures of explorers and missionaries in strange, faraway lands, and these stories so fascinated the boy David Livingstone that he determined to study medicine and then, when he was a man, go as a missionary to China.

He stuck to his ambition, and by hard work won his degree as a doctor of medicine. When he was twenty-seven he was ready to sail to the mysterious Dragon Country on the other side of the globe. But while he was waiting for a ship to China he happened to meet a missionary, Dr. Moffat, who talked to him about Africa and about his mission station at Kuruman, in the south of that vast continent.

"From there," said Dr. Moffat, "I have seen on many a clear morning the campfires in a thousand villages to the north where no missionary has ever been."

David Livingstone's eyes sparkled. "I will go to Africa," he exclaimed, "and work among those people!"

Africa—the Dark Continent, as it was called

—was almost as unknown to the young Scotchman as the mountains of the moon. He knew that the British seaport of Cape Town was in the south and that Egypt and the Moorish countries lay like a fringe along the Mediterranean Sea on the north. The rest of the continent was largely unexplored, though the few white men who had been there told stories of great forests and rivers, of lions, gorillas and other strange beasts, and of the Arab traders who captured natives and sold them for slaves.

So, instead of voyaging to China, the Scotchman sailed to Cape Town and from there rode seven hundred miles in an ox cart to Kuruman. There were the thousand villages lying in the jungle to the north, and eagerly he set out to learn something about the people, their languages and their customs, and to try to make friends with them. He came to a village of the Bakaa, where the natives had recently killed a trader; and they thought that Livingstone had come to punish them. Armed with spears, they watched him narrowly. Livingstone walked up to them, smiled, gestured to indicate that he wanted food, ate what they set before him, and lay down to sleep as calmly as though he did not know that suspicious eyes were regarding him from every bush.

He pushed on to another village, where lions had been attacking the natives' sheep. "If we could only kill one lion," the people say, "the rest would run away. But we cannot kill one. There is witchcraft in it."

The Scotchman led the villagers on a hunting party. They found the big tawny beasts on a wooded hill, but the lions sprang through the circle of natives, who took to their heels at once in fright.

Livingstone saw a lion crouched to spring. Before he could aim his gun, the beast had fastened his teeth in his shoulder, swung him from side to side, and flung him on the ground. The white man thought his last hour had come. But the natives hurled their spears, one of them killed the lion, and Livingstone was picked up, his left arm torn and bleeding, with the bone splintered.

In time his arm healed, but never afterwards was he able to raise a gun to the level of his shoulder without steadying the barrel against some support.

Africa fascinated Livingstone. He learned a dozen languages. When he went again to Kuruman he married the daughter of Dr. Moffat, the missionary, and took his wife to Chonuane in the country of the Bakwains, where he built a house, planted a garden and taught school. Several children were born to the couple. But the Scotchman was restless, he hungered to explore, and presently he started with an ox-train to cross the great Kalahari desert on the north.

For two months the party plodded through the desert. Their water-bottles were dry and they were perishing of thirst when they came upon a wandering bushwoman who led them to a river. The river brought them to Lake Ngami, and Livingstone's eyes shone with delight, for he was the first white man to gaze on Lake Ngami and sketch its outlines on the map of Africa.

There was pestilence in the country, however, and David Livingstone realized that central Africa was no fit dwelling-place for a white woman and young children. So he sent his family to England while he himself remained to carry on the work on which his heart was set—to fight the slave-traders, to bring the light of civilization to the people of the Dark Continent. "I will open a way from the interior to the coast or perish!" he declared.



Brown Brothers

Henry M. Stanley about the time he found Livingstone

He set out with twenty-seven bearers to march to the port of St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast. Rivers had to be crossed daily and for hours at a time he marched in wet clothes. At times the heat was frightful. Fever racked his bones. His companions were ignorant, fickle, superstitious, often treacherous. They stole his medicine; some of them ran away. For endless days he kept on, threading through forest and jungle, arguing with hostile tribes that tried to bar his way, almost dying of hunger. Finally he was so ill that he could not sit upright on his ox.

But he reached the seaport, and then, after a rest, with indomitable courage he set out to cross the continent to the Indian Ocean on the eastern side. This he did, being the first of white men to make the frightful journey. He determined to try to find the sources of the Nile. He headed for Lake Tanganyika, and then the jungle closed in about him and made him a prisoner. David Livingstone, who had traveled from the south to central Africa, then to the west coast and from there to the east, was lost to the outside world.

No word was heard from him for more than five years. At last, in 1871, James Gordon

Bennett, Jr., the manager of the *New York Herald*, sent for one of his star reporters, a young man named Henry M. Stanley, and said to him: "Do you think that Livingstone is alive?"

"He may be," was the cautious answer, "and he may not be."

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him. You will follow your own plans. Do what you think best—but find Livingstone!"

This was a remarkable order; but Stanley was a remarkable man. Supplied with plenty of money, he sailed to Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, and there organized an expedition, buying horses and donkeys and hiring an escort. There were wars between native tribes in the interior, and Stanley had to cool his heels for some time before he could set out over the caravan route to Unyanyembe, which he reached in June. From there he sent letters to the *Herald*, but thereafter for more than a year the world heard nothing of Stanley nor of the man he was trying to find.

Stanley was in a country that was known as the Land of the Moon, a region of enormous forests and of hills topped with gigantic boulders that looked like castles and watch-towers against the sky. It was also a land of tropical fevers. In the swamps and jungles the chieftains were continually raiding each other's villages for cattle and slaves. The King of the Wagowa marched on a village near which Stanley was encamped and plundered and burned the houses. All night the white man and his escort stood guard with loaded muskets over their precious supplies, and at the first opportunity made off for the forest.

In the forest Stanley fell ill with fever, and twenty of his bearers deserted him. He sent the others to find them, and next day the deserters came sheepishly into camp, where they were read a lecture by the almost delirious leader. In spite of fever and treachery Stanley would press on,

for now he had heard from natives that a white man had been seen in the country to the west where lay Lake Tanganyika.

Many chieftains threatened to stop him. To some he made presents; others he won over by his bold yet friendly manner. Fresh meat he obtained by hunting elephants and buffalo; each night he built a rampart of bush around his camp to keep off the lions and leopards that prowled in the tall grass. Some streams he could ford or swim, others he crossed by bridges of vines and water plants. He bargained all day with a native chief for canoes in which to cross the Malagarazi River, where the water was filled with crocodiles.

Finally he came to a hilltop from which he looked down on a great inland sea. It was Lake Tanganyika. He ordered his men to unfurl the flags of the United States and of Zanzibar and to march to the village on the shore. The natives of Ujiji stared in amazement at the flags and especially at the leader in his sun-helmet and white flannel clothes. Stanley walked on between huts, looking eagerly at the throng. But they were all chocolate-skinned people.

Then he halted. A gaunt, white-bearded man, wearing a cap with a gold band and coat and trousers of threadbare red blanket cloth, was coming toward him. Stanley stared at him a moment, then lifted his sun-helmet.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" he said in an eager voice.

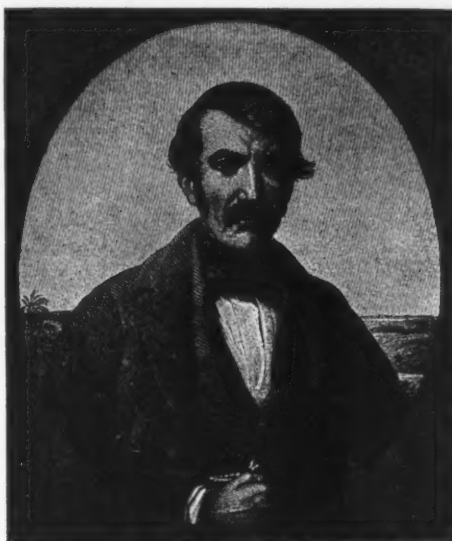
The other man raised his cap. "Yes," he answered, "that is my name."

Stanley held out his hand and said in a voice that shook with emotion:

"I thank God, Dr. Livingstone, that I have been permitted to see you."

The white-bearded Scotchman smiled. "I feel very thankful that I am here to welcome you."

So Stanley accomplished the seemingly impossible and discovered David Livingstone, who had wandered for six years—much of the time ill, and frequently starving—while he tried to find a way out of the interior of the Dark Continent.



Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

David Livingstone

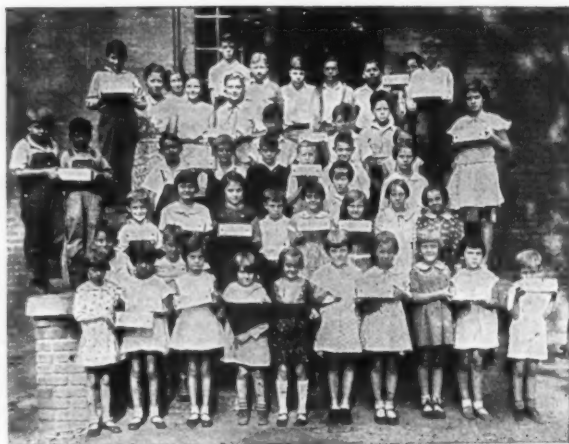
Every Corner of the Globe

NOT only to Europe, but to the most remote corners of the globe go the Christmas boxes of the American Juniors every year. Juniors in our own Territory of Alaska receive them with joy. Last year they wrote with thanks from Kanatak:

"On our Christmas mail in December—we have but one mail in thirty days at this isolated post of Territorial Alaska—we received through our Juneau office two small cartons containing Christmas gifts sent to the Aleut native children of Kanatak Public School.

"The school children sending the toys may be interested to know that only once a year, at Christmas, do our Aleut natives see a tree of any kind—and of course the Christmas tree is a fir tree. Our mail reaches us through the medium of the steamer *Starr*. Last month the *Starr* came in during a terrific blow, off-shore, just before Christmas. No sooner had she steamed up to her usual place of anchor—we have no wharfs in this part of the world: ships anchor out at sea, and passengers and freight are lightered in to shore by small dories—than we had to watch her right-about-face immediately and proceed out to the horizon where she rode at anchor over night. Atop her two masts were lashed two Christmas trees. The off-shore gale whipped the spray up over her bows; the frozen sea-spray, crowned with a deckload of Christmas trees to be distributed at native villages along this coast, gave her the appearance of a phantom ship.

"The following morning, when the gale subsided a bit, two Christmas trees were lightered ashore, one for the trading post and one for the school. We parked our tree in an angle of the Federal Building for safe keeping until we set up the pedestal for it. That night the wind



Juniors of Roberts-Vance School, Bessemer, Alabama, with Christmas boxes they have filled

gained in velocity; and in the morning, tragedy of tragedies, our fir tree, a stately ten-footer, had blown out to sea. The kindly trader promptly offered us his Christmas tree which we gladly accepted. We felt like the little girl in the nursery-rhyme, 'I'm glad 'twas dolly's and not my head that broke.' And so, with this much-prized tree for background, all alight

with candles, our native children rendered their Christmas program in much the same fashion that school children in San Francisco render their programs to their grown-ups.

"After the program the children received the smaller gifts sent in by the Red Cross, served up in a Christmas pie. Here is the receipt for the Christmas pie: one circular marshmallow tin filled, scripture measure, with bran. In among the bran or sawdust conceal the Christmas plums, a gift for each little pupil. Over the top of the container paste a sheet of scarlet tissue paper, tightly drawn. Decorate the container round about with fluted crêpe paper, green preferred, for Christmas. When cutting the pie, use a sharp knife and cut from the outer rim to the center for each piece.

"Kanatak school children join me in thanking you for your thoughtful and timely gifts which added so much to their happiness this Christmas."

IN HAWAII the Juniors who received Christmas boxes shared their gifts with children who had none. The principal of the Benjamin Parker School, Kaneohe, Oahu, writes:

"The Christmas boxes arrived in good time before our Christmas vacation so we were able to distribute them on the last day of school before Christmas. It seems that each year the children are more thrilled than ever before. You cannot

imagine how happy the boxes make them.

"There is a school about seven miles from my school with sixty-two small children and we sent sixty-two boxes to them. It was their first experience, and they were too excited for words. As I told you before, the people on this side of the island have no means of making a living except with their small gardens which bring hardly anything. Every year I advertise in the local papers for donations of clothing and pass it out to the needy families so that they may have sufficient clothing to appear at school. Of course children do not need many clothes in this country.

"We sent five boxes to the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children and five to the Leahy Home, a hospital for tubercular patients. I tried to make the boxes go as far as possible.

"I want to thank you again for your kindness to us and assure you that no words can express our gratitude."

WITHIN the last eighteen months the Junior Red Cross has been organized in Albania. The Albanian Vocational School, which was founded by the American Junior Red Cross, and is still helped by the National Children's Fund, for the first time last year received the Christmas boxes as Juniors. Mr. Fultz, their director, reports:

"In the past there has always been a wild scramble over Christmas boxes. This year our quota of two hundred was turned over to a committee of the Junior Red Cross to dispose of. They promptly voted to distribute boxes to all boys under fourteen years of age in the school and to send the remainder out to children elsewhere in Albania. In consequence the school's quota of two hundred has gone as follows: to boys in the school under fourteen, ninety-five; to the orphanage at Korce, forty-five; to a mountain school at Kalmet, sixty.

"The chapter, lek by lek, penny by penny, has painfully collected a small fund, the larger part of which it has put into twenty pairs of shoes with which they are getting the feet of twenty boys off the frozen ground. That is the most practical thing which has been done around here in a long time. Many of the boys who have contributed to that fund are half-clothed themselves.

"The Christmas program was carried out almost entirely by the boys, with a minimum of help from teachers. Santa Claus did his part in the person of a Moslem boy and it seemed quite the natural thing to do."

IN SCHOOLS in poor districts the Christmas boxes seem to come from Santa Claus himself. These two letters from Antuzi, Latvia, seem to say as much:

"We thank you heartily for your gifts, which we received on December eighteenth. Each gift was numbered and we had to take lottery tickets. I got a toothbrush and was very glad, for I planned to buy one long ago, only I had not the necessary money."

And another: "I thank you for your gifts. I received a notebook where I may write everything, for it is not allowed to write everything in our copybooks and therefore I am happy to have my own notebook."

THE DELIGHT of Austrian Juniors in their Christmas boxes is described in this letter:

"The American gifts sent to our Junior Red Cross group have been received by the children with proud joy. The children greatly appreciate the small objects and will keep them as a dear token of remembrance. They all have decided to keep the American gifts always, even after they have left school, and they will not forget the day on which American Juniors have thought of their Austrian friends."

EVERY item in each last box is examined minutely and treasured for years by children in other lands. We must remember this, and send only fine fresh things we can be proud of to represent America to our cousins abroad. Something soiled or shabby may do for ourselves,

but when we give gifts they must be in perfect order and worthy of ourselves and our friends. Don't send anything you wouldn't want to stand for America.

And every good Junior wants to see international quarrels settled by peaceful means. Don't send toy soldiers or cannons or guns to Juniors abroad—they carry the wrong message.

Christmas boxes must be ready for shipment by October 25 in order that they may reach the other children before Christmas Day.



One of several silhouettes sent by Austrian Juniors as thank-you gifts



Iceland is a strange mixture of ice and fire

ICELAND the Island of the Sagas

ELLEN HAGEN

ICELAND, where the descendants of the Vikings live, is four days by sea from the Norwegian coast. Throughout the centuries the island has preserved much of its original character, its independent spirit, its love of saga and song, poetry and adventure. The family feud and blood revenge which run like a red thread through the country's literature and to which Nial, Gunna i Lindarande and other childhood heroes fell victim, has long ago vanished as a point of honor.

The isolated but intelligent nation realized where such a sacrifice of their best blood would lead. With as much intensity as the family feud used to be carried on, the country struggled against every tendency towards this practice. A policy was adopted of boycotting the family or village that refused to live in peace with the other inhabitants. The spirit of solidarity and self-control seems now to be as deeply ingrained in the people as were formerly the spirit of hostility and the will for revenge.

In the summer of 1930 the great festivity commemorating the founding of the Icelandic parliament 1000 years ago was celebrated on the old meeting place, the great plain called Thingvallir. During the four days of celebration about fifty thousand natives and foreigners visited the place. Every day was twenty-four hours long because day and night were equally bright and few people seemed to be in need of sleep.

"A foreigner will never be able to understand what Thingvallir means to us," said an Icelandic woman in her beautiful dress embroidered with gold and her queenly velvet mantle edged with fur. She looked like a queen indeed when she spoke, proudly raising her head ornamented with a golden frontal. "When mother brought us

here as children we were as solemnly silent as if we were entering a church. And my little brother was told to carry his cap in his hand."

Iceland is a strange mixture of ice and fire, of glaciers and hot springs. The steaming water from the springs is now being used to heat swimming-baths and greenhouses. If Iceland were not so isolated, its vegetables and melons might take their place in the world market.

Until recently horseback was the only means of travel. Everybody knows how to ride, father, mother and the children, who learn to sit the little Iceland ponies as soon as they learn to walk. The shepherd tends his flock on horseback. As there are no roads or bridges, one must often travel over rough ground covered with lava and through rushing streams.

It is considered to be best for the inexperienced traveler to leave the guiding to the little, lively pony. It is trained to a special gait called *seid* which tires the rider as little as possible. On the wide plains we often met small girls riding from far-off fields with a big milk can on either side of the saddle. It is easy to see why the small, yellowish-brown horses are the best friends of the family, especially of the children. They are, in addition, a source of income to the country, for a great number are exported. Some are sent to England where they are used in the mines—a sad exchange for the free life on the wide plains of Iceland!



*Icelandic
national
costume*

I have already mentioned the beautiful dresses of the women. The children's caps and mantles of bright blue or red velvet edged with fur also provided bright bits of color in the swarming crowds at Thingvallir.

"Iceland is the best country in the world; we love to live here," said more than one of the working people, whether we met them in the fields among the horses and sheep or at the festival.

This conclusion has not been reached without

any basis of comparison. The Icelanders are great travelers. As fishermen, tradesmen or students they learn to know several other countries. In so doing they give proof of the Viking blood in their veins, for they must overcome great distances, bad weather and all sorts of difficulties in order to come in contact with the foreign people and things which have won their interest.

—From the Swedish Junior Red Cross Magazine

At the Shrine of a Great Poet



Goethe and his
neighbor's son
Fritz von Stein

KATZHÜTTE, in the beautiful Thüringen forest, is a village of poor people. The children there saved their pennies for a whole year; they gave little plays and earned money in every possible way. Finally, after a year of saving they were able to make this long-anticipated visit to Weimar, the city of Goethe and Schiller, the two great poets of whom Germans are most proud. This is the

hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death, and the children were especially interested in his relics. Here is their own account of their visit.

WITH great excitement we enter the house in which Goethe lived for the greater part of his life. We climb the easy stairs to see the rooms where he lived, and observe that he has applied his theory of color to the walls, which are painted to suit the character of the individual rooms. The drawing room is yellow, but the living room is painted green, because that is a quiet color. Beautiful painted porcelain is displayed in the majolica room; a great bust of Goethe also stands there. Next we go to the room of his grandchildren who were the poet's great delight. Here there are many pictures and mementos of the children on view. Poor things, they knew they were not so famous as their grandfather! The fate of Alma touched us deeply. She died at the age of seventeen from typhus fever.

At the last we come to the most sacred part of the house, Goethe's work room and the room where he died. Solemn stillness receives us in

the work room, and we can think back into the past, when Goethe was writing here. Everything is plain and simply arranged. This room alone is unchanged, because it was locked after his death, when the other rooms were rented. Here he dictated his writings. Now and then he would look out into the garden which spread out under his window.

We turn now to the room where he died. The quiet is oppressive in this room, where there is nothing but a bed, an armchair and a wash stand. Here a great man departed from this world.

But his works will never die.

Sitting on a stone bench opposite the famous house of Frau von Stein we ate our frugal lunch of sandwiches which we had brought with us. This done, we moved along through the beautiful Weimar park. As we went we had to climb through a narrow, rocky passage, where we sometimes stumbled and leaped over two steps at once. At the foot of these steps gurgled a fountain among heavy boulders. As we crossed the Ilm we could see in the distance Goethe's garden house, where he often went when he wearied of city life. Around it are beautiful tall trees and large grass plots.

Quiet and apart from the life and the strife of the city is the tomb of the prince of poets in the cemetery at Weimar. Although we are tired we will not fail to stop for a quiet and serious moment there. We walk devoutly into the cemetery, we stand before the tomb. The faint glow from a lamp welcomes us. Solemnly we climb up into the tomb with the guide. We stand before the simple coffins of the two great poets, Goethe and Schiller. They are decorated with fresh flowers. . . .

Solemnly we return to the "Youth Inn."

—From Austrian Junior Red Cross Magazine

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1932, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 50 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

Vol. 14

SEPTEMBER, 1932

No. 1

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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*Did you see the summer go?
She must have slipped out on tiptoe:
For no one really seems to know.*

*But morning makes a later call,
And noonday is less magical,
And earlier comes evenfall.*

—MARTHA BRINDLEY DARBYSHIRE
St. Nicholas, September, 1931

THE NEW DIRECTOR

THIS is to announce the appointment of Mr. Edward W. Marcellus as Director of Junior Red Cross. Mr. Marcellus' experience has been largely in the educational field. He was graduated from the Nebraska State Teachers' College, received his bachelor's degree at Northwestern University and his M. A. in educational administration from Teachers' College, Columbia University. He completed also an additional year of graduate work at Northwestern University. He has occupied positions in the educational field ranging from class room teacher to superintendent of schools, and was for three years a member of the faculty of Northwestern University. He is a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity.

Following service in the field artillery of the United States Army during the World War, he was Assistant District Vocational Officer of the Federal Board for Vocational Education at Chicago and later served as personnel manager in various industrial organizations. He has been with the Red Cross for about a year, first as

personnel director and more recently as assistant director of Disaster Relief. Mr. Marcellus has for many years been active in parent-teacher association work and has served as Scout master, Scout examiner and deputy commissioner.

THE CALENDAR PICTURE

IF YOU wish to know how Paz of Guatemala lives you must imagine a great plain as high up in the world as the city of Denver. On the edge of the plain, gleaming against the sky, rises a snow-capped volcano called "Agua." Agua is no longer a danger, but, like a shepherdess, stands guarding the plain. Paz lives in a flat-roofed clay farmhouse surrounded by a fence of cane to keep out wandering cattle and donkeys. Near the house there is a well, sheltered by an arbor thick with vines. Ploughed fields stretch in all directions, planted with beans and grain, sweet potatoes and melons. When the almond and plum trees are in blossom and Agua is shining against the hot blue sky, it is as beautiful as Japan. At Easter time Paz cuts flowers in the garden to sell in Guatemala City.

At such times she wears her best embroidered blouse and over her smooth black hair throws a scarf woven in petunia colors by her mother. As she has no booth inside the market building, she sits on the curb, keeping an eye open for customers, and ties her flowers into bunches—lilies and yucca, gladioli and blue phlox. Church bells are ringing over her head. People are passing in gay holiday clothes, red and purple, orange, green and white. Everyone has something to sell—bridles for the shaggy donkeys that clatter through the cobbled streets, cow bells, rough clay dishes and water jars, peppers and little white cheeses and cooked corn meal.—A. M. U.

CONCERNING PLAYS

THE two Christmas plays, "Once in Bethlehem" and "The Snowman" have been published as booklets by the Walter H. Baker Company, Boston, Massachusetts. As we buy only serial rights to the articles in the News, we can no longer distribute these two plays nor grant permission to Juniors to produce them. Permission may be had, however, from Baker.

We have a considerable number of other plays on various subjects in mimeograph which Juniors may have for the asking. For this bicentennial year, perhaps the most interesting is "That Blooming Boy" by Kathleen Read Coontz. It tells the true story of a girl who fought and was wounded in the Revolution, and of how Washington, himself, gave her an honorable discharge.



Bob Cornish and Jock

Something to Read

WINDY ISLAND

Theodore Acland Harper: Doubleday, Doran: \$2.00

(Ages 12 to 17)

AT twelve Bob Cornish thought there could be nothing finer than to cross the wide plains on which stood his father's

farm and climb the snowy mountains on the horizons to look over into the unexplored country beyond—nothing, unless it were to own a well-trained sheep dog or two and drive a flock of sheep. His father took it for granted that he would go to Oxford some day, but Bob was not at all sure that he ever wanted to go to England. To his parents England was "Home;" but Bob was a native New Zealander. He had never known anything but the vast unfenced plains, the stony treacherous rivers, the distant snow peaks and the enormous winds of his southern island, and he did not think he would like a less untrammelled land.

One man he admired most—Jock Munro, the old Scotch shepherd who was driving his flock across the high spur of the hills the day that Bob rode out to meet the furious northwest wind.

"I apprehend ye were born on a windy day, Rabbie," said Jock, seeing his fierce joy in the strength of the wind. "And I haena a doot it will carry ye a lang step afore ye dee!"

That was good news that Bob was willing to believe, for he wanted to travel the widest plains and climb the highest and hardest mountains.

But, before he could do that, he had to go to school at French Farm, down by the sea. There in time, he learned to handle a skiff, and came to love the miles of bush (which is the New Zealand name for forest) nearly as well as his treeless plains. And the day he found the kingfisher's nest and discovered a new side to the school bully's character led at last to slippery adventure at a high cliff's edge when he retrieved the rare puffins' eggs and watched the wreck of the smugglers' bark.

At the end of school days Bob at last got his father's leave to take two years with the sheep before he left for Oxford. With his old friend Jock, he learned to muster the sheep from the mountains down to the shearing pens. Those were glorious days, when he rode from dawn till

dark, watching the wise dogs gather the little bands of sheep from the mountain basins and turn them in the right direction. And the mountains were all he had dreamed from his childhood. Then came shearing time, and after that the monotonous business of boundary keeping through all the winter snows.

But if you wish to know how, with the spring, he and Jock and Johnny-come-lately rode over into the unexplored valleys beyond the mountain peaks in search of a sheep thief and what they found there you must read the book for yourself. It is well worth reading, for the characters, especially the young people, really come alive, and you get the feeling of that interesting strange country down under the world where the hot weather comes in December, January and February.

A TRAIN, A BOAT AND AN ISLAND

Charlotte Kuh: Macmillan: \$2.00

(Ages 7 to 10)

THE PERKINS children went on a train. Then they went on a boat. Finally they came to an island. When they left home it was just after Christmas. The snow was deep. It was cold. When they got to the island it was like summer. They went swimming and pick-nicking. It is always summer in Bermuda.

Have you ever spent the night on a train? Neither had the Perkins children. They had never been to New York before either, nor on a boat. It was very exciting.

The book tells about it all. It tells how Mr. Perkins bought the tickets for the train and the boat. It tells how the children ate and slept on the train and what they did when they got to New York and found the subway trains running under the streets and the houses. It tells what they did on the boat, what games they played, how they looked for their life-boat, how Frederick wanted to go to bed in the daytime. Then it tells how a little boat called a tender took them from the big ship at Bermuda.

"The train was fun, and the boat was fun," said Michael, "but an island is the best of all."

It is nearly as much fun to read the book as it would be to go to Bermuda with the Perkins family.

—JULIA CABLE WRIGHT



International News Photos

Agua, the Water Volcano, which once destroyed Guatemala City (left). Below is the very ancient church at San Jose de Antigua. It has been partially ruined by earthquakes. The bells stand outside under a shelter near the trees



International Newsreel

The Land of the Quetzal

POSSESSING a land of extraordinary natural beauty and a history that goes back more than a thousand years before it vanishes into the mists of mythology, the citizens of Guatemala love and revere their country with good cause. Juniors in the Miguel Garcia Granada School in Guatemala City write:

THE EARLY TIMES of our history, like those of the old Eastern nations, are confused with fable.

It is related that a personage called Valun-Votan came from the island of Cuba to Central America, bringing the germs of a new civilization. After him, the Empire was ruled by other monarchs until eventually it dissolved on account of the internal wars and the arrival of a new conquering people called the Nahuales or Nahoas.

According to the Popol-Vich, that is, the bible of Quichees, Nima Quiche, prince of the royal family of the Nahoas, together with his brothers, proceeded along the banks of the river Usumacinta seeking an appropriate place to settle. They went as far as Central America, and settled beside the beautiful lake of Atitlan.

Afterwards the nation was governed by a series of monarchs, among whom was Kicab-Fanub, who was king when the Spaniards came. It is said that he was so powerful that Montezuma, the Emperor of Mexico and his ally, having

been imprisoned by Cortes, sent emissaries to him, asking for help. Kicab-Fanub complied with this request by assembling a great army.

He was succeeded on the throne by Fecun Uman, the last of the Quichees kings, with whose death came the end of the freedom of his race.

The indigenous nations had reached a high level of culture, but their civilization was interrupted by the arrival of the invaders. The ruins of Palenke, Chichen Itza, Utatlan, Quirigua, Copantl and others speak of their accomplishments before the Spanish invasion.

In Utatlan the Spaniards found a beautiful city with a great number of public structures, among them a school where more than six thousand children were educated by the state. There were artists in the city who cut precious stones and made silver and golden objects which they carved exquisitely. These people used the bark of a tree called amatle to manufacture a sort of paper on which, by means of hieroglyphs, they related historical facts and traced geographical charts which had a certain degree of accuracy. They knew arithmetic and astronomy. They measured time by a calendar based on the movement of the earth around the sun.

In warfare they used arrows, slings and short knives of obsidian, and they defended themselves with shields lined with the skins of animals.

After the discovery of the New World by the Old, a great number of adventurers came to

America, spurred by desire for riches, more than by glory of their country. Among them was Hernan Cortes, conqueror of Mexico. Wishing to extend his conquests towards the south, Cortes sent two expeditions to Guatemala, one by sea commanded by Captain Cristobal De Olid, and the other by land headed by the valiant Don Pedro De Alvarado.

Alvarado won, after some bloody combats with the Indians, in which the latter showed great heroism. He owed his triumph to the superiority of the Spanish arms and to the discipline of the troops. But ambition drove him to commit extreme cruelties on the Indians.

After having subjugated the country, Alvarado founded in Ixinché, which was the capital of the Cachiqueles, the city of Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala (Santiago of the Knights of Guatemala). This city was later removed to the valley of Almolonga, between the volcanoes of Agua and Fuego (water and fire), where it remained until the Water Volcano overflowed, inundating and destroying it.

Rebuilt half a league to the west, it was again destroyed in 1773 by the so-called Santa Marta earthquakes, and was then moved to the Valley of the Ermita, where it has since been located.

The Spaniards treated the natives cruelly; they exacted enormous taxes, and if their cupidity was not satisfied, punished the Indians cruelly. They finally enslaved the Indians and made them work their farms. In Spain, some people went so far as to doubt that the Indians belonged to a human race, until Pope Leon X decided in their favor by saying that, if they laughed, they must be rational beings.

When Charles V ruled in Spain the lot of Indians began to improve, thanks to the activities of Father Bartolome de Las Casas, who was justly called the savior of the native race. Father Las Casas, a native of Seville, Spain, came with Obando to the Island of San Domingo in 1502, and championed the freedom of the Indians. Six trips he made to Spain and carried on many disputes with the enemies of the oppressed race. By perseverance he at length succeeded in achieving his object, and his name appears among those of the greatest benefactors of humanity.

After Father Bartolome de Las Casas, the worthiest of mention is Don Alfonso Lopez-

Cerrato, Governor of Guatemala. During his time the Indians were no longer slaves, and he established chieftains so that they might take part in the government.

The present Republic of Guatemala has a larger population than that of the other Central American republics. Its area is less than that of Honduras and Nicaragua, and larger than that of the Republic of Salvador and Costa Rica. The country is crossed by very high mountains and abundant rivers. It contains large volcanoes and very rich mines. The soil is of amazing fertility; in its woods the rarest and most beautiful tropical flowers grow wild. On the Pacific Coast is found a flower which the Indians call "flor de la calentura" (heat flower) because of the great heat emanating from it at the time of fertilization. Its forests are inhabited by many mammals, and among its birds the quetzal is outstanding.

It also has lakes notable for their beauty. Chief among them is Atitlan, where, according to the statements of some European travelers, are found panoramas as beautiful as those of the lakes of Switzerland. The waters of the Lake of Atitlan are clear, blue, and medicinal, because of the many mineral springs which are found on its shores and rise from great depths in the lake.

Steep rocks, rugged hills or mountain ridges arise nearly everywhere to a great height along the banks of the lake. The valleys between are covered with vegetation, and there thirteen villages nestle, protected by the high volcanoes of Atitlan, San Pedro and Toliman, which rise majestically over the abysses, reaching almost to the clouds, and casting in the blue waters of the lake the reflections of their beautiful cones. The waters of the lake are agitated by frequent and strong winds which make navigation dangerous for small ships. By the natives of the place these winds are called "accomil," which means "fury of the devils."

Guatemala City, the capital, enjoys one of the pleasantest climates on earth. Its landscapes are imposing and splendid, its soil fertile and productive. All the surrounding territory is under cultivation, and scattered with valuable farms where coffee of excellent quality and of exquisite



Central American Indians are famous pottery makers. This Guatemalan woman carries hers to market and takes her baby too



Town and village in Guatemala. The market place above is in Quetzaltenango, one of the larger cities. Below is a village of thatched huts among the palm trees of the hotter regions of the country



aroma is produced. Vegetables and fruits, among which are pears, apples and quinces, are also grown there in large quantities.

The city boasts of picturesque promenades, the chief one of which, *El Cerrito del Carmen*,

is the work of nature. At its highest point rises the church constructed in honor of Our Lady of Carmel. Covered with grass and surrounded by groves of pines, it has pure air and is the favorite playground of the children. The city lies at its feet, presenting to view its gilded domes rising proudly as if seeking to touch the blue sky itself.

ONE CHARMING custom is described by the Guatemalan Juniors:

In Guatemala, on the last Sunday of May, the Feast of the Tree is celebrated. The pupils of the schools on that day plant trees and bushes in the small squares and on the outskirts of the capital.

Marching joyfully, we all gather in Aurora Park, where functions are held in honor of the tree.

Poets and writers, as well as teachers and pupils, sing and write in its praise.

Some of Our Neighbors

A COMPETITION for the best Junior Red Cross slogan was held in New Zealand during the last school year. The winning slogans were "I can—I do" and "The greater our talents, the greater our duties." Another competition was held on the essay topic, "Six reasons for belonging to the Junior Red Cross." The winning entry was as follows:

"My principal reason for belonging to the Junior Red Cross is because of the extensive scope it provides as an outlet for Juniors' very natural desire to be useful.

"Second is the reason that Juniors must be healthy, and the Health Game does make us more interested in physical fitness.

"Third is the fact that circles are taught freely first aid and nursing by experienced teachers.

"Another reason is the great bond of cheerful-

ness and goodwill the Society creates among members.

"We Juniors, by overseas correspondence, are aiding considerably the future generation to be peace-loving.

"Last, but not least, is the fact that this great free spirit broadens our characters, preparing us well for later years."

A New Zealand circle recently sent parcels of clothing and food to the Leper Station at Tanhoa (Indo-China). Gifts were also sent to the Salvation Army soup kitchen.

IN POLAND, the Juniors are concentrating their efforts on helping poor school children. They have decided to supply them with food, clothing, and fuel. Every Junior who is able to receive a comrade for dinner each day is asked

to do so. Those who are unable to do this take turns receiving poor pupils at regular intervals. A group at Krosno daily distributes bread, sugar, milk and fat to the children of the unemployed. The Juniors of a high school send lunches to an elementary school. Another older group pays monthly dues for relief of the unemployed and tries to obtain meals for them in private houses. Other Juniors collect clothes and shoes. Some have spent several days in their Junior Red Cross clubroom making Christmas tree ornaments for sale in order to purchase clothes for poor children with the proceeds. A very poor group having no available funds decided to make and sell small articles, thereby helping an unemployed family to live.

THIS account of their fall festival was sent in an international correspondence album to East Hartland School, Hartland, Connecticut, from a Junior group in Berlin, Germany:

I want to tell you about a harvest feast. But don't imagine a harvest feast in the country. I am speaking about a "garden colony." It is composed of many small gardens where each owner cultivates fruit, vegetables and flowers. Every year, at harvest time, the colony has its harvest feast.

Early in the morning, we decorate the garden with colored flags and garlands. Many flags flutter on poles. At the gates, there are boards with the inscription "Hearty Welcome." In the morning a carriage is prepared and



Two of the group of Breton Juniors who hold the French record for international correspondence. Their quaint Breton costumes are their Sunday best

decorated with flowers, vegetables and flags. In the afternoon, at three, there is a great parade through the streets of our place. The music goes in front, then the children; then the men and women of the society in harvester dress and at last the harvest wagon with the small children. After the parade, the girls dance and the boys perform gymnastic and different athletic tricks. Then the head of the colony makes a little speech.

On the place where the fête is held are several booths where one can look or buy things. There is also a climbing pole where the children, especially the boys, can climb to get a prize. In the middle of the place, there is dancing. There is also a merry-go-round, the greatest joy for the children. When the night falls a torch-light procession is organized through the garden colony. Every one carries a torch in his hand. Many people light torches or candles at the gates of their gardens. Afterwards there are fireworks. The feast ends about midnight.

SIAMESE Juniors have many unusual activities. Among these are: installing several first-aid posts, putting out a fire, setting mouse-traps, carrying water and obtaining firewood to assist in the necessary cremation of a poor man. One group repaired a bridge twenty-four meters long.

The Juniors of Nagara Phanom provided the inhabitants of a village with pure water, built a wooden bridge across a stream, and helped to drain some flooded rice fields.

During a Jamboree in Bangkok, Japanese scouts were presented upon their arrival with baskets of fruit, embroidered scarves and other souvenirs by Siamese scouts and Juniors.



A Junior "health brigade" at work in a school at Santiago, Chile

Hazako

The Giant Salamander



The Pacific Branch Office was puzzled one day by the unheralded arrival of a strange creature from Japan. It was in a zinc-lined box, partly filled with water and with air holes in the top, and in spite of its long journey was extremely lively when curious hands lifted the lid from the box. Although it had traveled in water, it seemed perfectly able to breathe when taken out of the water and had regular feet with claws.

A few days later came a letter from Mr. Y. Inouye, Director of the Investigation Department of the Japanese Junior Red Cross, in which he said:

"It gives us great pleasure to send you a living salamander which was caught by the members of the Nishiwara Junior Red Cross Group, Gunjo County, Gifu Prefecture, which lies at the center of Japan proper. The creature lives in a glen and was captured by the school children themselves.

"If we are correct, this kind of salamander is very rare in your country, and therefore we believe that it may please your school children and be greatly appreciated by them. We venture to send it to you alive as a gift. May we ask you to forward it as one of our inter-school correspondences to any school that you think fit; and at the same time, please advise them to feed it properly. If the Japanese salamander could be well cared for by your school children, it will be more than gratifying to the little senders.

"Please bear in mind that the salamander may bite you if you handle it carelessly."

The description that came with the letter said that the technical term for the giant salamander is "Sansho-uwo" but that in the district where it was captured it is generally called "Hazako." When it is young it has small gills like a fish on



Two of his proud new owners examining Hazako (above). The picture at the left shows the garden built by the Japanese men of Sierra Madre for the Juniors of the school of that town, in which Hazako was placed

both sides of its neck, but when it grows up the gills disappear and the salamander then breathes through its lungs. It grows to be as much as five feet long. As the species is decreasing in number every year and "is considered to be one of the animals of prehistoric days"

it is preserved by the Japanese government as carefully as possible.

It happens that the Juniors of the Sierra Madre, California, school have been carrying on a lively exchange of correspondence with Japan for some time.

The first gifts which they received were placed in a glass case in the old school corridor, and a Japanese gardener who happened to see them spread the news among his people that they came from the Japanese Juniors in return for gifts from the American Juniors. So when, a year or two ago, a new school was built in Sierra Madre, several of the Japanese asked permission to build a garden in the school yard, as an expression of appreciation of the work of the Junior Red Cross.

The giant salamander was therefore sent to the Sierra Madre Juniors as it was felt that it would be of special interest to them and could be provided with a suitable home there. It has now been installed in the Japanese garden and has been duly christened "Hazako" by the Juniors, who are delighted with their unique gift and gladly devote some of their playtime to catching tadpoles and digging angle worms to feed their pet.

Our Juniors Start the Year

UNDER the state emergency work relief program, forty-five men were employed last spring in one of the State parks near Syracuse, New York. The superintendent of parks learned that most of them were going without lunch and that none had anything hot. He went to the Syracuse Chapter of the Red Cross for help, and the Chapter turned to the villages from which the men came. The village of East Syracuse has an active Junior group which at once volunteered to provide for the men for the first two weeks. The project was worked out on a class basis. The girls did all the work, planned the luncheon and estimated the materials needed, and the lunch, consisting of a different soup each day, was made by the home-economics classes under the direction of the supervisor. Such men as wished to contributed toward the cost of the materials, and the state truck called each day to take the soup to the camp and returned with the money collected from the men. The daily cost of the soup ranged from \$1.88 to \$2.88, and the collections from 56 cents to \$1.17, so that the cost to the Juniors for the two weeks was about \$10. Some of this money was contributed by the townspeople and some by the J. R. C. The work was taken over for the succeeding fortnight by Juniors in one of the other schools. Nearby farmers also became interested and promised to contribute vegetables for the soups.

DOOR silencers were requested by Coatesville, Pennsylvania, Veterans' Hospital, and the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Juniors made them of

padded unbleached muslin squares, with tapes on either side to attach to doorknobs.

AN interesting Junior Council organization is described by its "Big-Chief":

As the Big-Chief of the Junior Red Cross Council of the Onequa School in Salt Lake City, Utah, I want to tell you about our organization.

I might explain, in the beginning, that since the name of our school is an Indian word, we call our officers chiefs and scribes rather than presidents and secretaries.

Each seventh-grade class elected a candidate for office of Big-Chief of our council and a candidate for the office of Assistant-to-the-Big-Chief. After a period of campaigning, the boys and girls in the school in grades two to seven, inclusive, voted on the candidates.

The result of the election planted the "big feathers" on my head, and my classmate, Reva Olsen, was elected Assistant-to-the-Big-Chief.

The editor of the Onequa School column in the "School News and Views" in the Salt Lake *Tribune* is also the chief scribe of our council, with the associate editor serving as her assistant.

The Junior traffic officers at our school serve as the "braves" of our council.

Each of the classes in grades two to seven, inclusive, has a chief of the room organization and the *Tribune* reporter for the room serves as the scribe.

The Junior Red Cross Council composed of thirteen room chiefs, thirteen room scribes, nine braves,

an associate-chief-scribe, a chief-scribe, an Assistant-to-the-Big-Chief, and the Big-Chief meets at noon on the first and third Wednesday of every month for the purpose of discussing the Junior Red Cross activities to be promoted in each of our groups.

JUNIORS in the Emerson, Largent, Lincoln, Washington and Roosevelt schools of Great Falls, Montana, made large contributions of clothing for needy school children. In many of these cases pre-school children, fathers and mothers were also given clothing and bedding. These were children from homes where fathers



The Big Chief and Chief Scribe of the Onequa School J. R. C. Council, Salt Lake City, Utah, with their assistants

work just enough to procure bare necessities of food and shelter. They did not seek help from local agencies, but received needed contributions very gladly. About one hundred people were fully outfitted or received necessary wardrobe contributions. In Lowell School Juniors contributed eight bushels of vegetables to the Salvation Army and the Red Cross. This was their complete vegetable exhibit in early October. Largent School Juniors held food showers on Armistice Day and at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, and furnished more than a week's supply of food and toys to nine large families. Washington School Juniors cared for the families of ten pupils in the Franklin School at Christmas time, and Juniors in Roosevelt School, in addition to giving fourteen generous baskets of staple food also supplied forty glasses of jelly, eight jars of pickles and ten pounds of candy to the sponsors of the Dinner for Needy Children which was given at the high-school cafeteria on Christmas Day. Juniors of Emerson School made seventeen dolls out of parts of old dolls for Christmas gifts. The junior high schools gave fruit and card showers for sick schoolmates, shut-ins and child patients in the tuberculosis sanitarium.

JUNIORS of Haralson County, Georgia, canned more than two thousand cans of vegetables, collected enough clothing for three hundred children, gave several J. R. C. health plays and planted Red Cross gardens. In May they were working on a project to make enough new clothing to enable five hundred county children to attend a summer school session.

TWO thousand quart containers of fruits and vegetables put up by the cooking classes of the public schools were given to the President's committee on unemployment by Juniors of Washington, D. C. One thousand containers of preserves, jellies and grape juice, also put up by the cooking classes, were divided between the Children's and St. Elizabeth's Hospitals, and

1,515 containers were collected and sent to St. Elizabeth's through the Junior Red Cross Council. Twelve men at Mt. Alto were adopted by the Kendall School for the Deaf. These men received attention at every holiday during the year. Thanksgiving favors, consisting of small fancy baskets filled with pop-corn, etc., were sent to the 750 men adopted at St. Elizabeth's by the Juniors of the District of Columbia.

WHEN the time came to renew their enrollment in the Junior Red Cross last year, members in Central School, St. Paul, Minnesota, raised the money for it by a paper sale. They have been greatly interested in their correspondence with Germany.



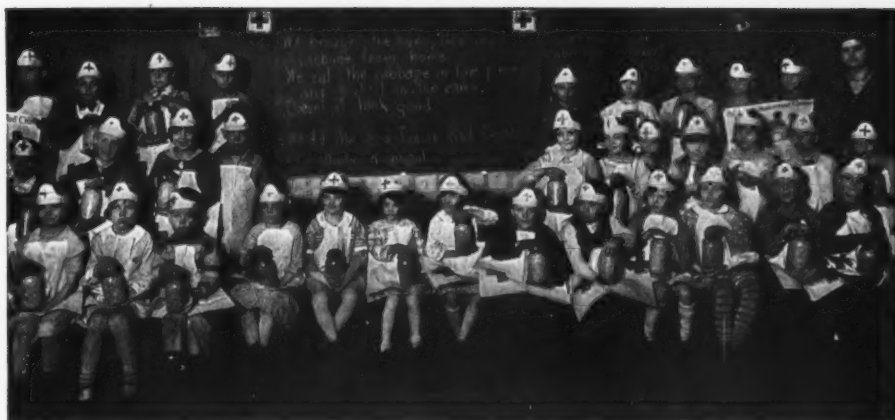
A First Aid exhibit of dolls in bandages prepared by the Red Cross First Aid class of St. Joseph's Orphanage, St. Paul, Minnesota. They were exhibited in various banks in St. Paul throughout the spring and summer. The class is particularly proud that they remembered to have the stretcher-bearers out of step

A Health play, "Tom, Dick, Harry and the Pirates' Chest" was presented by the sixth grade pupils of Hibbard School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Two cents admission was charged, and the proceeds amounted to nine dollars. This play can be secured by writing to National Headquarters.

THE most active Junior group on the Hawaiian Islands is at Waiakeakai School in Hilo, Hawaii. Recently they reported on their activities in their school paper, "The Barometer," as follows:

A correspondence program has been carried on successfully for several years at Waiakeakai School. Membership enrollment has been voluntary and our figures at the present moment stand at 645. From this enrollment a group of voluntary workers is organized. Many portfolios of illustrated school work and community life were made, besides pictorial albums of the islands. These were sent to such points of contact as Salt Lake City, Utah; Providence, Rhode Island; and La Porte, Indiana. This year we hope to communicate with South Africa and Alaska. Other activities include the raising of funds for materials used and for providing each grade with a monthly copy of the Junior Red Cross magazine. Funds were also earned for relief and welfare aids. This little group of workers gave its quota to the Red Cross Drought Relief Fund and to the Chinese Relief Drive of 1931. In 1930 another group of Junior Red Cross workers supplied a child with daily milk and provided clothing for this little one at their own expense. The children of the Hilo Hospital, Puumaile Home and Father Louis' Home were remembered last Christmas.

In these achievements the wearers of the Red Cross buttons expressed great joy in doing things for others.



Juniors of Grade 1A, Greenwood School, Terre Haute, Indiana, with the jars of sauerkraut that they made. Each pupil brought cabbage, jar, cap and rubber from home. They chopped their cabbage fine and put it in the jars. Then they put a teaspoonful of salt in each quart jar and filled it up with water. At Thanksgiving they put a jar in each basket sent by the school to poor families

SEVENTH and eighth grade Juniors of John Lewis Childs School, Floral Park, Long Island, New York, made a number of baby loaves of bread of the Red Cross flour assigned for distribution to their area in order to show what could be done with the flour. The loaves were put on exhibition.

JUNIORS of McGehee's School, New Orleans, Louisiana, decided to raise \$9.00 monthly for three months to pay for medical treatment for a sick boy. The girls bought a puppy from the city pound for \$2.50 and made \$11.50 by raffling him off. The money raised was to pay for insulin for a child who is attending the Charity Hospital Clinic, and whose family was unable to pay for the treatment. Juniors who were in charge of this project accompanied the Junior worker to the social service department of Charity Hospital and themselves presented the check for the treatment.

WHEN the Juniors of St. Paul, Minnesota, were re-enrolled last year the enroll-

ment supplies were assorted in the department of education storeroom by eight members of the Junior Red Cross Club of the Murray Junior High School. A school truck delivered the supplies. The Junior Committee is considering paying out of Junior Service Funds for the magazine subscriptions for schools that have been unable to make up their own subscriptions.

A SAFETY PATROL of older boys has been organized by the Juniors of the Head School, Nashville, Tennessee, because the school is situated on a very dangerous corner. This was the first safety patrol in the city. The Juniors also noticed that the grounds of the school were ill-kept and full of trash, so they decided to make them into a flourishing school garden. They filled in an old well and made it into an attractive concrete fish-pool, and planted shrubs and trees and flowers and made stone paths. All this was done entirely by the J. R. C. without any money expense, under the direction of the vocational and manual training departments.

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CHRISTMAS BOXES AND THANK-YOU GIFTS



A Junior of Terre Haute, Indiana, of Czechoslovakian descent wearing costume sent as a thank-you gift from Czechoslovakia



Junior Red Cross Council of Murray Junior High School, St. Paul, Minnesota, inspecting and packing Christmas boxes for shipment



Greek Juniors taking American Christmas boxes to a hospital



Children at the leper colony of Culion, in the Philippines were delighted to be remembered by American Juniors at Christmas time. The distribution of the boxes was a great event in their quiet lives. Some of them are lepers, others are healthy children of leper parents



Juniors of the Viciema School, Latvia exploring their gifts from America (above). The picture to the right shows the Junior Red Cross Club of Dick Dowling Junior High School, Beaumont, Texas, sorting the toys and packing their Christmas boxes



